

HOW DEFEAT GREW

Eagles Vanquished Policemen Yesterday.

SCORE WAS 38 TO 8

Less Than Fourteen Men Crippled in Game.

At just 4:32 o'clock last evening, when a man at Lajunta, Colorado, took a dip of water out of the Arkansas river and lowered the stream two feet at Douglas avenue, Wichita, the great Police Force Baseball club of this city passed into oblivion.

In the great digestion of human events, known as history, it has been the lot of oblivion to receive some mighty battered looking crowds, but when the Wichita Police Force Club arrived the smell of annihilation was so strong you could skate on it.

It was a great game of ball. Long before the hour set for the game had arrived vast crowds could be seen wending their way westward in the full glare of the sun, the rustle of many feet sounding like the hoofs of a herd of wild horses.

The whole town was agog—perhaps two gobs. Strong men sank cigars back in among the ivory knuckles of their digestive apparatus and wended their way to the West Side to see this thing out to the end, and before the game was half over, but their money on the Police Force club, telephoned their wives over on the East Side where they had hidden their wills and then went back and pulled up but-Jale grass in anguish as the policemen gradually disappeared under a heap of scores a mile high, shrouded by the Eagle Baseball club.

Around the diamond had been stretched a wire, which kept the cows and other animals which might have crept into the stadium and bitten the players out. It was also serviceable in stopping balls that in, more serviceable than the fielders.

It was just 2:21 central time, when Policeman Stewart, the game having proceeded for some time, came to the bat. For years Mr. Stewart has maintained diplomatic relations with beefsteak, hot bread, potatoes and other things which got into the blood. He was attired in a brilliant sweater that stood out like Mr. Schultz at a prayer meeting. The Eagle pitcher let the ball go and Mr. Stewart, grasping the bat, struck. Again the ball hit down the sunshine and again Mr. Stewart struck. He had resolved to kill the ball. You could see it in his eye. He looked blandly over at the Friends' University and three bricks fell off the chimney. He watched the ball come from the pitcher. He could read the track mark on it. He picked out the tropic of Capricorn on it and raised his bat, and let it have a right hook. For an instant all was confusion. Earth and sky seemed to be agog. Then out of the turmoil there grew a sullen roar, like a Fairmount car crossing Chisholm creek. Then it was that Mr. Rempepar came and led Mr. Stewart away and he knew for the first time that he had struck out.

Then somebody came to bat. Nobody knows who, but it was probably MacMillan in disguise. At all events he was attired in a

Stewart After He Paired of pants directly Had Struck Out. sending from Ben Downing's third uncle on his standpipes' side, who was a marshal under Napoleon. He also struck out. Then United States Marshal Trigg came to bat. His strong herculean form stood out against the eastern sky so you could count his vest buttons. He had a cigar in his mouth and a look of grim determination in both eyes. There was a moment's terrible suspense, the air was suddenly filled with a hundred Triggs, three thousand cigars and two hundred bats. A grounder slowly crept out of the chaos and proceeded leisurely over the beautiful greenward, killing chuckers, until it reached Cooper Jackson, the Eagle's left field. Jackson waited for the ball, his whole nature quiver with the excitement of the moment, so fractious with zeal as to the Eagle club. The crowd held its breath, Trigg had disintegrated himself from the atmosphere and was bearing down on first like a man chasing catfish in a slough on a threshing machine engine. Neater and nearer the ball approached Jackson. Neater and nearer Trigg approached first base. The crowd found that it was breathing again and instantly held its breath. Dave Leahy, who was present cooling for Trigg, in the anxiety of the moment pushed his feet six inches into the black alvud soil of the great Arkansas Valley. Mr. Jackson sighed. The ball wavered. Ever onward rushed Trigg. He was now in sight of first base. Sykes and Lawrence, the Eagle's battery, held each other's hands, looking unutterable things at each other. St. Anderson of the police force hung limply in the trail wire against the head about Moffat threatened de Sam Jones, the batter.

It was a awful moment. In another second Jackson had stopped. He had the ball. He threw it. Trigg was now within five feet of first base. Would he reach it before the ball would? Summoning all its strength, he slammed his fist against the bottom of the United States of America, and yeped on. The ball had reached first with a noise like a boy having a Fourth of July with an empty grocery sack. But Trigg was there too. The crowd surged. What would the decision of the umpire be? Grasping the mark in his arms, Trigg turned two pining eyes on the stern face of the umpire. In those eyes was hope, despair, prayer, anguish, awe, far back in the spirit of their light, possible vengeance, revenge.

The umpire took a fresh chew of fine-cut and paused. The crowd having fallen into breathing again, suddenly held its breath.

"Safe," cried the umpire. And then Sam Jones struck out. That was half an inning. The whole

game will be described later in encyclopedic form.

For the first four innings the game was a good one, but the policemen carried too large an accumulation of avoidpuffs and lost their wind, while the Night Hawks were about as thin and raw-boned a crowd as is often got together. Anderson played a good game in the box, but his arm gave out before the game was over. Mr. Anderson fanned out several of the Night Hawks, and whenever one of these unfortunate individuals would throw down his bat in disgust, an expression of satisfaction would overspread the pitcher's face that was worth going miles to see.

Mr. Phil Lapes thought the game was the best he had ever seen. It was such a surprise to him he got out of his bunk and ran up against the guard wire real hard several times, to be sure that he wasn't imagining it all. In fact, Mr. Lapes said the playing was too good for him to stay, so he came home and roasted George McNeal till George had to close the barber shop and go out to the park or break off diplomatic relations with his men.

Mr. Trigg did some extra heavy work in holding down second base, and, to tell the truth his friends were not a little surprised at the calm and collected manner in which he held on to all balls which came within range.

Howard Moffat, an out-felder, was all right, but his long suit was tearing along between bases and starting prairie fire with his left field grounders.

A. J. Johnson, foreman of the Eagle and manager of the ball team, was as proud of his men after the game that he came very near discharging them as they could go out and get better jobs.

Another strong player among the policemen was Mr. Rompepar. To way he sped over the turf in center field after hits and grounders which came within his territory was truly amazing. He was after them almost before they left the bat, and he never checked a pace until he had them safely in his mighty grasp. He chased them as though he were pursuing a runaway criminal.

George Whitlock was brilliant as a shortstop and made a number of assists that almost knocked Vandeventer in the air off first.

Hood's Pills

Are prepared from Nature's mild laxatives, and while gentle are reliable and efficient. They

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Harry Ellis, the policemen's pitcher and catcher, did all around good work and had the boys badly rattled his first inning in the box, but his arm gave out.

Henry Hooker, in the right field, caught a fly so tight the cover flew off the ball and hit Bert McNaughten on the arm, raising a great blister.

Captain Sam Jones was a genius as a third baseman. He played a good game and at the same time looked pretty, and found plenty of opportunities to put in a little horseplay for the amusement of the spectators. Hard Catch, and to roast the rooters for the Night Hawks.

A. E. Neal, one of the Night Hawks, really deserves special mention. Not that his work as a fielder was brilliant, because he never had a chance to show the remarkable way in which he can catch flies. Mr. Neal made his reputation by his heavy batting and his speedy base running. About the middle of the game Mr. Neal sent a three-bagger to right field. It wasn't quite a home run, and so Mr. Neal tied up on the base. No doubt he was very well satisfied with a three-bagger and was somewhat fatigued with the long run, and so decided to take a short rest.

He was smoking a cigar and took a short lead off third and then commenced to view the clouds through the haze of smoke that was ascending from his lips he became very much absorbed in this contemplating the skies and forgot all about the ball game. The pitcher, seeing that Mr. Neal's mind was several miles in the sky, sent a hot one to third, and Mr. Neal was rudely awakened from his reverie by the swat of the ball as it buried itself in the third baseman's mitt and the umpire yelled "Out!" Then he fully realized what had happened, and doubled up like the principal of a 25 cent store.

Mr. Sykes, the Night Hawk catcher, did not make any grandstand plays, but his appearance was worthy of mention. Now, Mr. Sykes is very slim, so slim in fact, that he is not ashamed of it. He was determined that no one should know the extreme sparseness of his lower extremities, so put on a pair of bloomers that were full enough to hold him as well as several other young men of his size. And when Mr. Sykes was doing base running, his loosely fitting suit flattered and stopped along behind so that he closely resembled a fully attired gentleman of the celestial shores. But as at catcher, he was all right.

The most pathetic scene of the whole game was when, at the end of the fifth inning, Chief Cubson left the field. Up till this time he had kept up hope, but now, in the face of a score of 12 to 8, he lost heart and turned his face cityward so that the heartless crowd might not see the anguish that he felt. There were the guardians of the law, his study men, being beaten by a heterogeneous collection

of newspaper freaks. It is no wonder that the chief could stand no more, but departed from the field of battle and took the first car home.

Colonel Sam Hess promised to give the Eagle boys a cigar for each run they made and is today almost a bankrupt. Fire Chief Walden acted as the dispenser of out and the recipient of the crushing of the rooters. He was disgusted in giving his decisions. He had the courage of his convictions and the drug clerks and several more challenges will probably be given in the near future.

The Night Hawks have won, but this is only the beginning of their troubles, as they have already received challenges from the firemen and the drug clerks and several more challenges will probably be given in the near future.

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Score by Innings— Night Hawks 5 1 0 6 2 25 Police 4 0 0 2 3 8

Two-base hits, Anderson, Whitlock, Neal, Sykes, Ellis, Betch. Three-base hits—Neal, Sykes, Vandeventer, Brennenman, Betch. Double plays—Whitlock to Brennenman; Brennenman to Sykes; Jones to Sellers. Umpires—Johnson and Walden.

ANOTHER GAME TODAY Friends and Fairmount Team to Play Ball.

Owing to wet ground the baseball game between the team of Fairmount college and Friends' university, was postponed until this afternoon. The game will begin promptly at 3 o'clock on the Friends' campus. It is the opinion of every one that it will be an awful struggle between both teams, neither having won a game so far this season while the rest of the schools of the city have, and this game will, therefore, show which team will hold up its end of the rope.

The street car company will run cars to and from the ball grounds every fifteen minutes to accommodate the large crowd. Mr. Walter Henton will umpire the game. This gentleman has had much experience in the business, having umpired several professional games in this city. The line-up:

Friends. Position. Fairmount. Miller, first base. Herick Davidson, second base. Lewis Ple, pitcher. Bostick Comelson, shortstop. Bosworth Thompson, third base. Clark Woodward, left field. Carrier McDaniel, center field. Eaton Wighth, right field. Lockward Synter, catcher. Hoop

COUNTY OFFICIALS' NINE They Are Posing Themselves for Broken Heads.

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AT Cash Henderson's Some New Special Sales For the Bargain Hunter...

SALE No. 10—Five pieces of colored Mohair, at 15c.
SALE No. 11—Ten pieces of wool Skirting Checks, at 27 1-2c.
SALE No. 12—Fifty dozen Shirt Waists at 75c. These are worth \$1.25 anywhere.

SALE No. 13—Five hundred pairs of ruffled Curtains at 89c. The price would be low at \$1.50.
SALE No. 14—Kerrock reversible Brussels Carpets at 54c. They are the newest in color and designs and a great bargain.

Every Day This Week Will Be a Bargain Day

119-121 NORTH MAIN.

Here's a Little Chap's Suit For \$4.00...

It is made from a neat check chevion in the popular three-button cutaway sack style, with a hand-curved collar, "just like papa's." The vest is a pretty, dark blue plaid rep, double-breasted, with a detachable, bright red, silk embroidered shield.

We could, perhaps, sell a Suit for a dollar less that would look much like it when it was new, but it would have cheaper linings and the inside work would have to be done in a desperate hurry. It wouldn't keep its shape or be worthy of this good clothing store.

Four dollars is not much to pay for one of these Suits, yet it is enough, since our guarantee of satisfaction goes with each one we sell.

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First of May Is Straw Hat Day

Look in Our West Window

A FEW OF THE NEW SPRING STYLES for Men and Boys. We have a splendid showing in Straw Hats, largest stock and finest selections, including every new fashion for spring and summer of 1900. If you are thinking of buying a Straw Hat come in; we'll please you in every respect—quality, style, shape and price.

We also are showing an excellent line of fashionable, swell Neckwear, bright and snappy patterns.

Men's all wool Suits, \$4.00
The New Scriven's Improved Elastic Seam Drawers, lot 240, unbleached, and lot 240, bleached, heavy double elastic seat and inside seam and bottom, regular fit value the world over, here only..... 75

Boys' all wool Suits..... \$4.50
Scriven's Double Elastic Seamed Drawers, lot 240..... 50
"President" Suspender..... 25
Shawknit Socks, best grade..... 30
Boys' All Wool Knee Pants, double seat and knee..... 25

Money refunded for any dissatisfaction.

C. R. FULTON,

Wichita's Greatest Clothing Store.

226-228 East Douglas Avenue.

Corner Lawrence.

Boys' Stylish Clothing at Pleasing Prices to Parents

DOUBLE BREASTED SUITS, 7 to 15 years, in small tan check, well made and lined, \$2 value..... \$1.35
ALL WOOL CHEVIOT and CASHMERE